

The Right Honourable
The Lord High Treasurer

O F

G R E A T B R I T A I N .

11. Octob. 1711



W H E N from His Breast, brave *HARLET* drew the Knife,
Design'd by *Hell* and *Rome* against His Life,
Whilst an Illustrious Circle trembling stood,
To see the *PATRIOT* weltring in His Blood,
The Great-good Man calm and unmov'd was seen,
No Mark of Fear without, and all serene within!
So the Great *MORALIST* at instant Death,
Read Divine Lectures with his latest Breath!

Long Heav'n seem'd deaf to all our pious Pray'rs,
In vain seem'd all our Vows, in vain our Tears;
At length to *ANNA*'s Pray'rs Heav'n lent an Ear,
Heav'n heard, and the important Life did spare!
Happy, thrice happy, *BRITONS* learn to know
What to your *QUEEN* and what to Heav'n ye owe!
Vainly attempt no more to blast His Fame,
No more with envious Lips mention the Sacred Name!
With Pleasure see the *PUBLICK FAITH* restor'd,
Rich distant Countries by our Fleets explor'd;
BRITAIN from Plundering Hands at length set free,
And blest again with *ANCIENT LIBERTY*!
The Sons of *Neptune*, Who so late were seen
Walking in Rags, and with dejected Mein,
Compell'd without their Pay Abroad to Serve,
Whilst their Poor Families at home did Starve,
Now Cloath'd, their Wages paid, new Life assume,
And blest the Man that did avert their Doom.
Thee *OXFORD*, God-like *OXFORD* shall they sing;
With loud Huzzas the distant Shores shall ring,
Their tender Bases shall learn to speak thy Name,
And leave the Mothers Breasts to prattle out thy Fame!
Go on Great *MAN*; sustain one Labour more
To th' Warring World long-wish'd-for Peace restore.
Tis You, and only You, the *Gaul* can trace,
Through the dark Mazes of that Treach'rous Race;
Oft have they fled from our Victorious *BANDS*,
Convince them Now we've *HEADS* as well as *HANDS*.

